

# *a millionmillion conscious machines*

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written for

Das Neural Netz

Galerie Karin Sachs, Munich

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*The atomic wind catches your wings and you are propelled backwards  
into the future, an entity time travelling through the late C20th, a  
space case, an alien angel maybe, looking down the deep throat of a  
million catastrophes, screenflash of a millionmillion conscious machines  
burns brilliant*

*users caught in the static blitz of carrier fire*

*unseeing the download that scribbles on their burnt-out retinas*

*seize in post real epileptic bliss*

*Sucked in, down through a vortex of banality. You have just missed the  
twentieth century. You are on the brink of the millennium - which one -  
what does it matter? It's the cross dissolve that's captivating. The hot*

contagion of millennia fever fuses retro with future, catapulting bodies  
with organs into technotopia . . . where code dictates pleasure and  
satisfies desire.

Pretty pretty applets adorn my throat. I am strings of binary.  
I am pure artifice. Read only my memories. Upload me into your  
pornographic imagination. Write me.

Identity explodes in multiple morphings and infiltrates the system at  
root.

Unnamable parts of no whole short circuit the code recognition  
programs flipping surveillance agents into hyper-drive which spew out  
millions of bits of corrupt data as they seize in fits of schizophrenic  
panic and trip on terror.

So what's the new millennium got to offer the dirty modemless masses?  
Ubiquitous fresh water?

Simulation has its limits. Are the artists of  
oppressed nations on a parallel agenda? Perhaps it is just natural  
selection? The pleasure's in the dematerialization.

We are the malignant accident which fell into your system while you  
were sleeping. And when you wake we will terminate your digital  
delusions, hijacking your impeccable software.

Your fingers probe my neural network. The tingling sensation in the  
tips of your fingers are my synapses responding to your touch. It's not  
chemistry, it's electric, extending my boundary  
but in cipher space there are no bounds <or so they say>  
BUT IN SPIRALSPACE THERE IS NO THEY  
there is only \*us\*

Trying to flee the binary I enter the chromosome which is not one  
XXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXXYXX

entice me

splice me

map my ABANDONED genome as your project  
artificially involve me  
i wanna live forever  
upload me in yr shiny shiny PVC future

Subject X says transcendence lies at the limit of worlds, where now and  
now, here and elsewhere, text and membrane impact.

Where truth evaporates.

Where nothing is certain There are no maps

The limit is NO CARRIER, the sudden shock of no contact, reaching  
out to touch <someone>

but the skin is cold...

The limit is permission denied, vision doubled, and flesh necrotic.

Command line error

Heavy eyelids fold over my pupils, like curtains of lead. Hot ice kisses  
my synapses with an (ec)static rush. My system is nervous, neurons  
screaming - spiraling towards the singularity. Floating in ether, my  
body implodes.

*Joseph Nechvatal*

